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Allegniance

T H U N D E R C L A N

Leader Lionstar- yellow orange tom, green eyes

Deputy Sunspot- small, light yellow she-cat with ginger splotches

Medicine Jayfeather- light grey tabby with blind blue eyes

apprentice- Lilypatch- dark tabby she-cat with white patches

Warriors

Seedwhisker- light ginger tabby she-cat, blue eyes

Bumblestripe- light grey tom with (darker) stripes

Apprentice- Shatteredpaw

Mousewhisker- white with large, light grey splotches

Onestream- pretty white she-cat large black spots

Apprentice- Whitepaw

Icewing- white she-cat

Foxleap- darker red tabby tom with leaf green eyes

Blossomfall- calico she-cat

Ivypool- light gray tabby she-cat with blue eyes

Apprentices

Whitepaw- light brown tabby she-cat with a white ear

Shatteredpaw- light grey tom with with green eyes

Queens

Dovewing- grey she-cat with blue eyes

Elders

Graystripe- fluffy grey tomcat

Dustpelt- dark golden tabby tom

Prolouge

Lionstar scented a rabbit as he padded through the thick forest. The tom crouched down low to the cold ground. Taking very slow steps, the leader couldn't see the white prey against the snow. But then a white flash appeared and Lionstar ran towards the darting animal. Leafless trees and bare bushes blurred past his vision as the chase began. Leaping high into the brisk air, the orange tom relished his claws and pounced on his prey.

A small trickle of blood stained the snow-covered ground. Lionstar was proud of kill, but as he bent down to retrieve his prey, but a familiar scent. Too familiar. He would never forget him, not after killing his apprentice, Frostpaw. She was too valuable to lose, yet he killed her like she was nothing more than dust.

Lionstar peered through a row of bushes, looking for the tomcat. Yellow eyes burned into his amber eyes, as he saw the cat who he dreaded for many, many moons.

"Sol!"

Chapter One- the last life

The leader bounded through the bushes, ready for battle. "Lionblaze, good to see you again," Sol says, acting as if they were friends, and not enemies. The Leaf-Bare sun sparked on his black tortoiseshell pelt, his paws covered in ice-cold snow. "It's Lionstar. Why have you returned?" Lionstar dared to ask. Sol stood, "Why, my friend. Congratulations on the leadership. Anyways, I have come to take my revenge, sweet revenge," Sol answers.

Before the orange tom had time to respond, his enemy sprang at him, his long claws unleashed and his teeth barred. The tomcat knocked Lionstar down on surprise as bite his neck. Everything went black in Lionstars vision.

He found himself at Fourtrees, in the old territory, he had heard stories of this place, but never seen it. Hollyleaf, Bramblestar, Squirrelflight, Cinderheart and a few other close cats were there, in the dim lighting of Silverpelt. He had missed them all terribly. "Lionstar, you have lost all your lives at once. You are now welcome in StarClan, come join us," Hollyleaf mewed.

Lionstar is ashamed of his death, but knows he may watch above his Clan from StarClan. "Do not be sad, everyone lives-" Bramblestar got interrupted but Jayfeather, "everyone dies. Follow us, we'll show you the way," The cats bound up into the starry night sky.

"Now those ThunderClan cats can find that dead fox-hearted fur clump dead," the murder sneered. Sol bounds off, into the snow, and out of ThunderClan territory.

(Back at camp)

Onestream was shook awake by a paw. The she-cat slowly opened

her eyes, "Onestream, wake up. We're on a border patrol with Seedtail and Shatteredpaw. Dovewing won't be able to make it, she just gave birth to her kits," Mousewhisker interrupted her sleep. "Hmm, okay. Let me just see the the new kits," Onestream mewed, getting up and padding out the exit of the warriors den.

The white warrior walked out into the freeze, the snow was almost past her paws. Onestream padded on, towards the thick bush. When she got there she peeked her head in. There she found her half-sister nursing three kits, one a ginger tom with dark green eyes, the second a dark grey she-kit with white back legs and dazzling green eyes and the last one a yellow-orange tom with amber eyes. "Oh, hi Onestream! As you can see, I had my kits. This is Flamekit, Hollykit and Tigerkit. Named after Firestar, Hollyleaf and Lionstar."

Chater Two- the finding of Lionstar

"They're beautiful, Dovewing." The she-cat smiles down at her kits, and gives each one an affectionate lick on the head. Onestream backs out of the warm and mily den, into the harsh coldness of the camp. She sees the three other warriors that she'd be going on patrol with.

The four pad out of camp, "ShadowClan border patrol, right?" Shatteredpaw nodded, and sprinted ahead of the rest. "Where are you going, Shatteredpaw? If you believe..." The voice of Seedwhisker trailed of, as they came upon a dead rabbit, with a bite to the neck. "Who.. Would leave such precious prey in times like this?" Mousewhiskers question rang with irritation. Onestream sniffed the rabbit, and instantly smelled Lionstar. Following his scent trail, she gazed at the massive orange body, splattered with blood. "Lionstar!" She screeches, but the lifeless body just lay motionless in the red snow.

"Sol." A deep stern mew sounds from behind Shatteredpaw and Onestream. There stood a striped warrior, known as Bumblestripe. The tom looked unharmed as he padded towards the dead leader. A gust of wind ruffed the fur of the five cats as four of them stood in morn and awe. "That that stupid poisoned rat!" She spat, forgetting that an apprentice was next to her. Bumblestripe shot her a glare, and retraced his steps back to camp. "I'll talk to Sunspot." He said and dashed off.

After taking one long look at Lionstars body, she followed her half-sisters mate back to camp. Fresh snow started to fall onto the trees, bushes and cats of ThunderClan. A familiar scent drifted to Onestream, and she dropped into a hunting crouch. Looking hopefully up a all leafless tree, she spotted the bushy-tail prey nibbling on a nut. Placing one paw on the flaky bark, the predictor started to climb. The wind grew stronger and stronger as she got

higher and higher

Once the she-cat had climbed to the branch that the squirrel was on, she got in anther hunting crouch. The tips of her belly fur was touching the tree. Onestream slowly approached the prey, and when it looked up, she pounced. The brown animal lost its nut, and was pinned under a white paw. A thick line of blood dribbled from were her claws were, and the prey went limp.

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Onestream padded down into camp, and set her fresh-kill in the pile. Grabbing a brown mouse, she looked up, a tabby apprentice stood I front of her. "Hey, I-I heard about Lionstar... Sunspot hasn't come out of her den sense Bumblestripe stood her. She needs to pick a deputy soon, it's sundown and the Gathering is tonight," Whitepaw added. Onestream nodded.

Out of the corner of her eye, she can see a white warrior. "Sunspot coming out," Icewing mewed to them. Behind the she-cat, a small yellow warrior padded out. She looked a little weak, but much older and wiser than before. The four she-cats went towards the high-ledge, one of them climbing on it. "All cats of ThunderClan, please gather below High-Ledge for a Clan meeting.

Cats of all ages and sizes poured out of their warm dens and below the ledge for the meeting. Dovewing looked hurt, in the heart and sat next to Bumblestripe and I. "Shatteredpaw, Seedwhisker, Onestream and Mousewhisker all found Lionstar on the border of ShadowClan. He was dead with the scent of Sol all over him. I will travel to the Moonpool tonight after the Gathering. I hope StarClan will agree with my decision for a deputy. Our new deputy shall be Dovewing." Everyone looks at the grey queen.

"But she has kits!" Onestream can't help but blurt out. Everyone else says the same and turns back at Sunspot. "A fox has stolen all three. I'm sorry for that, Dovewing," a wave of sympathy washes on me, as cover her in licks. All the other elders, apprentices and warriors come to congratulate her. The setting sun reflected off of her pelt, and she looked more beautiful than ever. "Along with that celebration, Shatteredpaw, step up."

The grey apprentice looks pleased and pads up to Sunspot. "Bumblestripe has trained you well, I I'm for one and happy at your fighting skills, loyalty and hunting abilities. I hope StarClan will agree with my decision, Shatteredpaw, you shall now be know as Shatteredrain!" A broad smile appears on the young warriors face as he hops down. Onestream is past tired as she pads to a bush were the warriors sleep.

Chapter Three- the gathering

Onestream wakes with a start, only Blossomfall and Icewing are still alseep. She can hear a faint sound, and recognized it as Sunspots. Quickly padding out into the cool air of the camp, she can see the leader is a on High-Ledge. "Gather below High-Ledge for a Clan meeting," the she-cat finishes. A white warrior brushes past Onestream, and the two walk together up the ledge.

After a pause, Sunspot started up again. "Bumblestripe, Seedwhisker, Jayfeather, Lilypatch, Onestream, Shatterrain, Mousewisker, Foxleap, Greystripe and Dovewing, I want all of you to come to the Gathering tonight. The rest of you, keep high watch over the borders while we're gone. Let's go, we are ready late," the cats separate into two groups. Onestream nodded a quick goodbye to Icewing. She catches up with her group and keeps a steady pace with Dovewing.

"I have a feeling ShadowClan had something to do with Lionstar's death," Dovewings words brang sorrow back to Onestreams heart. Even the thought of the previous leader made her feel like her heart was being pulled out of her chest. A small breeze ruffled their fur as the eleven cats paded on the solid earth.

Only small patches of snow remained, and the chill was beginning to fade slowly. The thick forest was becoming less thick every step they took. Onestreams paws were aching by the time they reached tree bridge. It was glazed over with a light layer of frost. One by one, ThunderClan crossed the log. All the Clans were there besides ThunderClan.

She settled close to the medicine cats, but they didn't have much to talk about. As the moon approached moonhigh, Mistystar called the Gathering to begin. "I believe I go first this moon. In RiverClan, we have a knew apprentice, Hollowpaw. Her mentor is Volewing. The floods are starting to rise, but not to high yet," she finished. The old leader stepped back and letting Rowanstar take her place. "A litter of two apprentices, Fallenpaw and Willowpaw, were lost on their

final assessment. The mentors claimed that they went behind a holly bush and disappeared. There was also no scent trail. We believe *ThunderClan* stolen them, somehow. Someway!" Murmurs of suspicion rise above the grouping.

The whole of ThunderClan were shocked by the accusal, and were hissing at the dark ginger tabby. "Watch your tongue, me or my warriors would never think of that," Sunspot meowed coolly. "Well then why was your scent on *our* borders?!" He challenged. Onestream knew that this would turn into something bad, and ducked her head, trying to avoid any glares. "We didn't cross the scent line! Now, if your done blaming the loss of your apprentices, I would like to share what's gone on in ThunderClan," Sunspot finished. Everyone went silent, even Rowanstar.

"Lionstar died, do to Sol. He lost all his lives, sadly. Dovewing is the new deputy. Lionstar was cherished for the short yet splendid rule. I will go to the Moonpool after the Gathering. Prey is becoming the more and we are gaining our streanth back. Also, Shatteredpaw has become a new warrior, Shatteredrain," there was a few gasps when she mentioned Lionstars death, but most cats had guessed sense Lionstar was not attending.

In WindClan, there was a spread of white cough and it's turning worst. A kit has already caught it is on the verge of death. Mistystar called off the Gathering and the Clans split into the four divided sections. "Bumblestripe and Dovewing, come with me to the Moonpool. Mousewhisker; your in charge," the leader said and dashed off with a striped warrior and grey warrior on her heels.

Chapter Four- end of the gathering

Note: Thanks SO SO SO much for 160+ followers and almost 100 reads!! I love every single one of you guys, and thanks again! This chapter also maybe short..

Mousewhisker trots to the front of the nine cats, and bounds quickly off the island. Racing hard, the cats sprint onto the tree bridge. A large crack sounded, all the cats froze. "Run!" Mousewhisker shouts, and Seedwhisker leaps across the rest of tree and onto the solid earth. There is only one cat left on the stump, Dustpelt. The oak starts to rip between his paws, and in an instant, the tom plummets down into the rushing water. Onestream and most of the other warriors race after him, but it's no use. Dustpelts head his deep below the half frozen river.

Everyone's heads are down as the cats slowly pad back to there territory. There are more and more trees, and soon the cats are in the forest of ThunderClan. The scents of fresh and new prey fill their nostrils, and the wet grass sparkles with close-to-New-Leaf dew. Thoughts of Onestreams trail off to Fallenpaw and Willowpaw. How could that happen? She thought again.

Remembering the black apprentice with his dazzling yellow eyes. And Willowpaw, her tabby pelt prettier than ever. A voice, young and sweet, brought her out of her thoughts. "The poor kit in WindClan. I hope it's okay," Seedwhisker gossiped to Onestream. Seed whiskers eyes were wide with worrier, and the other she-cat just nodded and looked away. *Does a little WindClan kit bother her that much?* Onestream wondered, a little annoyed.

She smelled many scents, of cats, prey and herbs as they approached camp. The eight slowly climbed down into the quarry, for it was dark and they couldn't see much. Hitting the mossy ground hard, Onestream slowly found her way to the warriors den. But a fluffy grey elder blocked her path.

"Where's Dustpelt? He..he left with you.. I thought..." Greystripe mumbled, Onestreams heart fell once again and she looked at the ground. Then looked up into his curious, old and wise green eyes. "The tree bridge cracked and he fell in... I'm- I'm so sorry..." Onestream explained. The elders eyes clouded with disappointment and sorrow. His head fell and stumbled back to his den.

Chapter Five- the death of two hierarchies

NOTE: sorry the chapters are coming out so *slow*, school is getting pretty hard and I don't have much spare time (I have swim team too, so).

More sorrow flooded through Onestream as she headed for her own den. Blossomfall, Icewing and Seedwhisker were curled up in the center, so she took the far right corner. As the she-cat curled up, her thoughts traveled to random places. Soon she fell into a deep sleep...

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Light flooded through the bush her eyes slowly opened. The den smelled of fear as Onestream stretched and padded out. She saw many cats crowded around something. "What happened?" She asked her apprentice, then the cat saw a still light grey pelt in the center, with ginger-specked one next to it. "Sunstar! Dovewing!" Onestream gasped, staring at the dead animals.

"They got attacked by a badger, and..." Whitepaw couldn't finish, and the apprentices mentor instinctively glanced at Bumbkestripe. But the sad look on his face made her regret thinking of him as a murder. Shaking the thought off, she spoke up and meowed, "Who will be the new leader? It almost sunhigh, we must take vote."

Most of the sad faces looked up and nodded. "Foxleap!" I raggedy voice rag out, know as Greystripe. The grey elder padded over to the warrior, "Bumblestripe!" Icewing voted, and went to his side. They all spread out a fox-length or so, and each cat voted for who they think should be leader.

The votes were: 7 for Foxleap, 4 for Bumblestripe, 1 for Blossomfall and also 1 for Onestream. After the voting, everyone looked at Foxleap expectingly, he nodded and climbed on Highrock. "The

vigil for Sunstar and Dovewing shall take place now. These two she-cats were brave, loyal, strong and most of all, a true warrior cat. The May have lived a shorter life, but now, they are happier in the paws of StarClan. Along with death, there with life. So do not feel only morn over these cats, but feel pride in what they have done for our Clan!"

Almost ever cat looked up, to see the Foxleap was holding his head high with pride. A few mews of agreement arose from the meeting, "I shall appoint a new deputy at sundown," Foxleap announced. Onestream decided to take Whitepaw out for training. When the warrior found the apprentice, they bounded out of camp and into the bare forest.

Chapter Six- the earning of the nine lives

A faint scent of a shrew wafted to Onestreams nose. The white she-cat glanced at Whitepaw, she was sniffing the air. The apprentice dropped low, and so did her mentor. A moment later, the small prey scurried across from where the two crouch. Whitepaw jumps, and tumbles onto the mouse-like created. Her mouth flashes to its neck, and soon it lay still and cold in the leafless woods.

"Nice catch," Onestream says, and Whitepaw nods. "Do you want to try a woodpecker?" The mentor dares, and the apprentice agrees. They both look up the red and grey bird gnawing away at a low ash tree branch in front of them. A tabby crouches again, and very slowly pads towards the ancient tree. The pecking of the bird stops, and Whitepaw freezes. Then it starts up again and the stalking continues.

The youngling sits now, ready to pounce. The she-cat makes the leap and lands on the woodpecker. Onestream runs for her, and two smile at each other, "Wow, that was pretty good for a kit like you!" Onestream admirers again.

They slowly and carefully climb down, into the icy camp with a pice of fresh-kill dangling from their jaws. Some cats, such as Bumblestripe, were still weeping over the loss of the leader and deputy. His striped fur looked ungroomed in the darkened light. Onestream sniffed the cool air, a storm was approaching. "Feed that to the elders, Whitepaw," She orders her apprentice, and the tabby cat dashes over to the fallen log.

"Onestream?" The voice scares her, and she jumps. Only to turn and see Foxleap, dipping her head the young warrior says, "Yes, Foxleap?" His broad shoulders are out and his green eyes shone. "I would like you to come with me to Moonpool," The leader asked,

Onestreams heart lifted at the honor, and replied, "I'd love to."

"Thank you," the leader gave her a grateful glance and continued, "we must leave at sunset, make sure you get traveling herbs from Jayfeather." She nodded, and padded to the fresh kill pile. She chose a small vole and dat next to Ivypool, who was looking into the forest, into nothing. "Mind if I sit here?" The tabby just nodded, and looked at her paws.

Onestream new why she was like this, Dovewing. Onestream had put that thought out of her mind, but it had hit her again that her mother was never coming back. Gulping up the furry creature, the she-fat stood and stretched. The sun was a quarter past sunhigh, and a familiar voice sounded from nearby. "All cats of ThunderClan that can catch their own prey, please gather below Highrock!"

Chapter Seven- Blossomfall's kits

Soon, everyone was crouched besides the ledge and Foxleap began, "Even through two amazing and beauty she-cats died today; that does *not* mean that ThundeClan shouldn't continue being the Clan it is. Since I have no deputy, I must appoint one. the new deputy of ThunderClan shall be Bumblestripe," the warrior looks excitingly, and Onestream, along with many others congratulate him in licks and nudges as Foxleap continues. "Bumblestripe had trained Dovewing very well, and is a very strong and will become a great leader someday. Along with that celebration, two kits have reached the age of six moons."

Onestream didn't know there was a new queen, but she followed most everyone's gaze and saw Blossomfall standing by two she-kits. One was a shiny brown tabby she-cat, and the other was a tortoiseshell she-kit with a fluffy white chest. Their mother looked down proudly at the two, then nudged them forwards with her muzzle. "Tigerkit, step forward," the striped kit eagerly bounced forward and stared up their leader. Her green eyes shone in the midday light and he began "Tigerkit, do you promise to uphold and follow the warrior code as an apprentice?"

The small cat mewed, "I do," with a nod and the new leader carried on, "Bumblestripe, liked I mentioned, you trained Dovewing very well, and I think you are ready for anther apprentice, you shall be Tigerkits mentor. By the powers of StarClan, Tigerkit will now be called Tigerpaw," the little animal raced over to her mentor and touched his noes, then, back over to Blossomfall.

"Tawnykit, step forward." He said again, and the spotted kit padded up to the ledge. "Do you promise to follow and uphold the warrior code, and be loyal to your Clan?" The massive tom stared down at the kit far below him. Her green eyes were dazzling in the light, and her speckled pelt looked beautiful. She mewed an 'I do' as the

leader continued. "I shall be her mentor. By the powers of StarClan, you shall now be named Tawnypaw," The tomcat leaped down from the ledge, and touched noes with her, and dismissed his Clan.

The sun was about to set, and in the colorful lighting Onestream padded over to the cave that was the medicine cat den. Only Lilypatch remained in the dark den. "Lilypatch?" The warrior started, "I-I need some traveling herbs." The apprentice turned to see her, she nodded and went to the back of the cave. Soon she came out with a bundle of leaves in her mouth. "Here, they won't taste good, but it'll do good," *the young cat is already getting wise,* Omestream thought to herself.

After eating the herbs up, she blinked a thanks to Likypatch and headed out into the cold, frosty camp. Whitepaw bounded up to her. "Onestream? Can we go on a patrol with Seedwhisker and Blossomfall?" It made Onestream feel guilty to see her apprentice so eager to learn, and her mentor couldn't take her out. But then, an idea came to her mind. "Whitepaw, I'm sorry but I can't.. I have to Moonpool with Foxleap; go ask him if you can come."

The three cats bounded through the leafless forest. Tall oak trees surrounded them, and a fallen log came insight. One after another, they leaped over it. A cold incoming Leaf-bare breeze ruffled their fur. A small pool of dark water also was visible in the dim lighting, and the three slowed to a stop. Onestream could already feel StarClan by her side, nestling themselves near the pool.

The grey moon was reflecting off the water as Moonhigh approach. The cats sat on leaf-covered earth, and we're watching there leader intently. He leaned over the Moonpool, his red fur looked more magnificent than ever, and he murmured something that the other two she-cats couldn't make sense of. They closed their eyes, and waited for something to happen.

Chapter Eight- a feast

(Yes I'm back)

A few days had passed by since Foxstar became leader, and a smaller snowstorm had passed through the camp, no one got hurt, but everyone was starved. More and more chilly days had passed by Onestream, the same routine every time: hunt, feed, patrol, eat then tran Whitepaw. The tabby she-cat apprentice was growing and improving rapidly, and it was soon the day of her warrior ceremony would come.

Onestream, Icewing and Whitepaw padded into, happy about the amount of prey they had caught, a small rabbit, a vole and two ravens. Onestream set down the birds, "Give that rabbit to Lilypatch, Whitepaw," she said and her apprentice nodded and went into the cave.

Icewing glanced at Onestream, "It's about time," she mumbles and pads towards the fresh-kill pile.

Chapter Nine- the Dark side

I looked at Icewing as her stunning blue eyes glanced at me, and I realized she meant for Whitepaw to become a warrior. I chuckled, and said, "Not quite-" and turned my head towards StarClan, "- she must prove herself worthy to StarClan." I looked back at the white warrior next to me, "I guess that's true." Icewing mumbled.

My belly growled at the sight of so much prey, and I repicked up a vole. "Icewing," I called after the trailing she-cat, "want to share?" She mewed in delight and came to me.

We gobbled up the stringy rodent with a need. It was terrifyingly disgusting in all its ways, but so, almost rich, and high mannered, just to eat- even if it was the tiniest, skimpiest vole in the forest.

With our stomachs satisfied, I took to the job of gathering moss for the new apprentices. Treading out into the snow-thick ashes and ice of ThunderClan territory, I spied for a sliver of moss or leaves.

The green would stand out, I thought, continued scanning tree trunks and the covered ground. Finding a bit of browning and frailing fern, I took to the stem and tore it straight out of its roots.

"Hupfufy tis el hemp," I mumble and follow my path back to camp- warm, solid camp. I trot a sharp left into the little log. The den brought back memories, of before all these tragedies.

A picture of Lionstar flashed my mind, and my legs went limp. A gasp for fresh air escaped me, and I sat for a moment.

Lionstar. Sunstar. Dovewing. Soon Foxstar for all StarClan knows. I thought. "Sol." I said aloud, and suddenly, I flicked my head to the sound of a gentle, cunning voice.

"Sol?" It said. I knew exactly who it was, and I couldn't bare it. My

heart crumbled and I lost my sight. I smelled him. I felt his stare. I heard him breathing. Floaty objects clouded my vision, fore I was squeezing my eyes to tightly shut.

I was in a cloudy place. But the clouds would always be different here. They were at a constant swirl and very shaded. The ground was untrimmed and, where I was standing, had slight, worn splotches of blood.

"Sol?!" It yelled, merely a question. "Get out of my head!" I screeched with tears in my still closed eyes. I knew my surrounding by memory of this wretched place.

I opened my eyes to find a white she-cat with fearing blue eyes standing across from me. "Onestream, what's happening?" She asked, I looked at her, and meowed, "Take a hint, Icewing. We're in the Dark Forest."

Of course, I didn't *mean* to hurt her feelings, but in this place, all that matters is how much blood you have left in your veins. She-Icewing- seemed confused. We did nothing wrong. It was Sol, and possibly Bumblestripe. The warrior gave me suspicion.

Except, that would never matter in the lives we faced.

Chapter Ten- Foxstar's plan

I gasped and opened my eyes. They say the fern. The log. The peace- for now. I sighed. "Onestream?" I jumped at the young voice behind me. "Sh-Shatteredrain," I mewed, a bit awkwardly. He took a few steps forwards, and said, "Are you okay?" I turned and looked at the grey tom.

His greenish eyes were filled with worry and wonder. The new warrior shouldn't know anything about the Dark side of life. He was too young. In this mist of death and starvation, he should- must- be safe.

"Of course," I managed a hopeful smile through the lie, and he nodded and backed away from his previous den. I nestled the small fern into place next to the others, and felt bad for Tigerpaw and Tawnypaw, because one of them would probably have to share with another apprentice.

I sighed a backed out of log, to the chilly wind which swept our fur. The sun was deep into its set, and the last standing rays of sunshine broke through the shadows of the dens and trees. The pretty sight made me forget for a second what danger I'd gotten myself into as an apprentice.

I glanced at Highledge, debating whether to inform Foxstar about my sins and what had become of them. Then, the red figure pushed his way out of the den and summoned the Thunderclan with the known call.

Warriors and elders and medicine cats stumbled out, and I realized that there was absolutely no queens or kits. They'd all grown up or been.. Killed. Because of me. I cringed, and padded out with the remains of our pitiful Clan.

I sit next to Greystripe, and see in his old green eyes that he morns all the death in the Clans. *He will pass soon,* I find myself thinking that, and nudge closer to him. Foxstar begins to speak, and Clan

settles down,

"Warriors, medicine cats, apprentices, elder," he startes, "Bumblestripe and I have decided that we're going to *do* something about Sol. He murdered Lionstar, and that should absolutely *not* make us feel safe. I am the new leader of ThunderClan and I refuse to backdown to any ruthless rouge. He threatened our Clan, we threaten him!

"Now, tonight I want everyone to sleep sound, so you have lots of energy for tomorrow. I expect
Mousewhisker, Onestream, Ivypool, Whitepaw, and Seedwhisker to be at the entrance at dawn. And Whitepaw, this is your final exam. Prove yourself." I could see from across the clearing that she was excited.

The idea of tracking down the spotted rouge in a way scared me, but it also made me feel proud that Foxstar would pick me to go. *He probably wants me to go so I can see Whitepaw's final exam,* I think.

"Your all dismissed, and go to sleep now," he meowed and leaped off the ledge (which was about a fox-length and a half high). I trotted over to the direction Whitepaw was heading, and said to her, "You excited?" It was a pointless question, as she nodded vigorously.

"Good," I mew and we both walk into our dens. With the others crowded in the warm center, I have no choice but to take the rim of the den and try to keep myself warm.

Breathing in and out the frosty air, I feel myself falling into an uneasy rest. It felt like Sol was watching me sleep, and waiting for the perfect moment to strike when no one was expecting it.

Chapter Eleven- a review of my apprenticeship

I know your probably a little confused about the visit to the Dark Forest and such. So, here's a quick review of how my apprenticeship went:

When I became an apprentice, the Clan had just recovered from killing off most of the evil cats, like Scourge. A couple of Dark Forest warriors tried to enter my mind one night, about a moon into being an apprentice. At first, I freaked out, like any cat would, and told Jayfeather what they'd said.

He didn't take me seriously at first, and after the second night of bad influences, he told Lionstar. I got a lot of support from friends and family, but I started to slip away. The Dark Forest warriors started torturing me, and I began to train, like Ivypool. My mind became filled with villainy thoughts and cruel ideas. I lied and said the they'd stopped coming to my dreams, when really they were coming more and more.

At the age of 9 moons, I requested that Lionstar be killed. Plans were eventually made, and later when I found him killed, I regretted it majorly. Then, my mind felt like it wasn't *there* all the time, like I just wasn't present. It all felt blurred. It overwhelmed by small mind and body of 10 moons, and I started to slowly back out of my role in the Dark Forest.

Now, they're coming back for me. Now I have to fight. *Now* before more cats are killed. And I *know* for a *fact* that Sunspot and Dovewing were killed out of cold blood. Not from 'a badger' as Bumblestripe had described. I believe that Bumblestripe is part of the Dark Forest- because badgers don't just suddenly show up and

kill the leader and the deputy. It just doesn't happen! Everyone had just been stupid enough to believe it or smart enough to not say anything- for now.

So, I have devised a plan. I must enter the Dark Forest, and try to find the grey warrior. If I can't (or they start taking my life again) then I'll leave and search for other clues. It sounds simple, but I know it won't be.

With the search for Sol tomorrow morning, and Dark Forest cats will maybe try to control my mind if we find him. I'm afraid of that. Should I tell Foxstar I won't go? It might be better. But that would not be the warrior thing to do. It'd be cowardly.

Chapter Twelve- Sol

Rustle, rustle, is what I woke to, and felt my pelt being swept with wind. Squinting open my eyes, I see a two shaded figures step out of the warriors den, and quietly continue.

My eyes feel crusty as I release a low groan. I open my eyes fully, to see Blossomfall, Shateredrain, Icewing and Bumblestripe still dozing away the morning, except for the deputy who seems to be somewhat awake. Remembering what Foxstar had announced last night, I haul myself out of the corner and tip-toed around my pale, blue-eyed friend.

Now out in the snow-patched clearing, I spot the rest of the warriors waiting at the entrance. I quickly speed over. I greet Whitepaw a good morning, and remember it may be her last as an apprentice. I lick my paw and groom my forehead, not wanting anyone to see me untidy.

After a moment, Seedwhisker pipes up, "Shall we hunt while we wait?" She offers, and Foxstar ponders this. "We will wait. He won't be long." At this, the grey tom pads out of the den, and seeing us all, quicken his pace, like I.

I can't read if he is a slight bit embarrassed at his moment of lateness, or in deep thought, but either way his head was down, with eyes lost in thought.

Was this one of those signs that I'm looking for? I ask myself, and let the thought linger. As we pass through the shrubbery leading to our territory, Foxstar stops. "Now, I don't want to split up," he turns and faces the six of us, "so we have to move fast." I spelt a small whiff of fear from Whitepaw, "Mousewhisker and Onestream, you two can try to smell him, Ivypool and Bumblestripe, be and the ready for battle, and Seedwhisker and Whitepaw," he paused, "be on lookout."

We begin to move again, and I search the ground for any scent trail. *Sol is smart,* I think, *he wouldn't go wondering around in our territory.* I see Whitepaw anxiously whipping her head back and forth, and I go back to the ground. *Any villain would to be able to kill leaders like they're mice. Foxstar must be scared to think the last two got killed within a quarter moon, and here he is- elected by the Clan.*

I stop, mid step. "Foxstar," I start and the others turn back. "Why would Sol just go wandering in ThunderClan territory? He's not a stupid kittypet!" I remark and he blinks, "He was a kittypet." I begin to protest, but think not. *Foxstar is the leader, he knows best,* I try to persuade myself.

As we march down to the lake, I wonder where Foxstar is taking us. The soon dewed grass turns to the cold, white sand, and we take a right towards ShadowClan. It seems the other warriors wonder, as their eyes precede.

"Everyone," the leader says, "we're heading to ShadowClan camp." We all look up in surprise. *Why would we go there?* I ask myself, and Foxstar seems to answer, "At last Gathering, I asked one of their young warrior if Sol was hiding there.

"He said some rouge had been off and on their territory, so they were trying to catch him. I think we're going help them- to both of our advantages," he finished. We look at each other, approving the new leaders idea.

"Are we just going to barge into their camp and ask Rowanstar if he's sleeping in their territory or something?" Seedwhisker asks sarcastically, looking expectantly at Foxstar, who replied with, "Yes. Yes we are."

Chapter Thirteen- ironically an unlucky day

As we round to the front of the ShadowClan camp, I scrunch my nose at the scent of ShadowClan. The three warriors, who had caught us intruding in, escorted us to the needle-grounded camp.

The three warriors looked much unrelated, one with a spotted black and white pelt, one with oak tabby fur, and one with a ginger flank. When we walked into the unfamiliar camp, most everyone gave us dirty looks and mean glares. Only the few bouncing kits gave us curious glances.

We pad towards a goldeny tom, who I recognized as Rowanstar. He munched on a gross-looking green slimy animal, who I remembered as a frog. I don't know how they ate the sour item, no matter how desperate they were to get prey down their stomachs.

The leader looked up, with curious eyes, similar to the kits. "Yes, Crowfrost?" He directed his question to the leader of the patrol, who was the spotted one. The tom, who I naturally took to be unkind and unmannered, stepped aside, to let Foxstar speak for himself.

The two leader looked at each other, "Rowanstar, it is a pleasure to meet you," Foxstar began, as the ShadowClan leader stood up. "I am Foxstar." Before he could get to his next sentence Rowanstar said, "Fox..*star*?" Foxstar nodded, and explained.

"Yes.. Sunspot and Dovewing were killed by" he paused. *Does he think Bumblestripe is a killer, too,* I think, and I don't believe he would *say* that anyone besides a badger killed them, mostly because there was no solid evidence, and because Bumblestripe was standing right next to him.

"a badger." He finished. "I was chosen by my Clan." Rowanstar wavered this,
"And StarClan gave you permission to be a leader?"
"Yes."
"Very good. Continue."
"Lionstar, as you may remember, died from a Sol attack. I am deciding to do something about this, and kill him. I heard that Sol has been wandering around your territory for some time now. We would like to help *dispose him."*

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I watched the pitch black ground below, for any rustling or movement. The air *would* smell good, of ounes and mint, but it was generally covered in the froggy scent of ShadowClan. The different feeling bark under my perched stomach felt rough and creviced.

That's right, me- and quite a few others- were camping out to find Sol. Since no one patrolled at night, the rouge wondered around and *hunted* during the dark time- and I suspect he didn't only hunt for little mice.

Foxstar had assigned us to keep watch across the ShadowClan border- from the tall, grown pine trees. This, because we'd be able to see further, Sol would have a harder scenting us, and we'd be able to sneak attack him.

I heard a small rustle, and my head instinctively whipped towards it. All I see is the darkened figure of one of the warriors on this patrol, I believe Pinenose. She was just getting comfy for the long night ahead.

We waited for quite some time, and the moon was just over the peak of moonhigh, when I, nearly unaware of almost being asleep, do to boredom and tiredness, heard more rustling, this time from the ground below.

The air becomes intense, and it the three cats if this patrol froze, I think. A few moments passed by, when it sounded again. I turn to Smokefoot, who is nearly definable, do to his black pelt.

His in the warrior crouch, and flicks his tail, the sign to attack. He follows it with a, "Mrrrrow!" And we all leap down to attack the mortal enemy of Sol. I hit the ground, and search for his scent.

Hearing a scurry of claws-on-ground, I turn to see him charging at me. Barely having time to brace myself, he hits my neck, and knocks me to my side. I feel his needle-like claws dig into my skin, and I yowl in pain.

It was hard to see through my squinted eyes, and blurry fastness of if all, but I believe Pinenose tackled Sol, clawing his back. ShadowClan's deputy joins the battle, ripping at his side. I attempt getting up, but the injuries burn like I didn't give myself enough oxygen or something.

I attempt again to haul myself up, and I see Sol fighting his way out of the two cats. He gets tackled down, and I hear loud things on the ground as another patrol comes to the sound we were making.

I can't quite make out what they say, and I loose track of time. Hearing a screech, I see Seedwhisker push her face into my unclear vision. She turns and I see her mouth move. Stars cover my vision, and I release a breath.

The sound seems over exaggerated. Fluttering open my eyes more, I spot an large fiery tom, next to two grey cats, and a spotted one. "Lionstar.. Dovewing, Bumblestripe, Sunspots..?" I recall their names and Lionstar starts to head towards me.

"Onestream, you're now in StarClan," his time is relaxing and I feel smoothed. Looking around, there are many cats surrounding me in a large circle, and I notice all the stars implanted in their pelts. Pulling my attention back to the great leader in front of me, he says, "Everyone, this is Onestream, a loyal ThunderClan warrior," he meows to the group, and quiets his voice back and centers at me, "Come, I'll give your tour."

I try to lift myself from the white-dusted ground, and find how easy it is. Trotting to where Lionstar was walking ahead. The circled cats broke, and they all rapidly spread out.

I was shone the Stream of the Clans, a stream where one could imagine a cat, and their vision would appear on the river below, formed by what looked like a mix between stars and currents. The cat had to stand on a certain boulder, and then the image would appear.

If the cat was in danger and in a near-death moment, they automatically show up, and cats are called to its attention. I was shone the Tree, where the moonly Gatherings are held, and designs like future prophecies, threats, prey levels and other statices.

There was the Forest Of Hunting, where a cat could hunt. Lionstar said there was no end, and it was filled with endless types of prey and trees and rivers and herbs. He said it was absolutely amazing how beautiful it all was.

And last, the greatest thing in StarClan, was the camp. The nursery was the quarter size of ThunderClan camp, to put it in perspective. Cats swarmed it, and it was filled with fun, and laughs.

Lionstar let me explore the gloriousness of StarClan, and I did. I was bound to find the end of it.

And that's what I did, until I faded.